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Poems, by W H Harrison,
Registrar of the Literary Fund
(Privately printed.)

Wm. Th. Field

THE FOSSIL BRIDE,

A Legend of Folkestone,

AND OTHER VERSES.

BY

W. H. HARRISON.

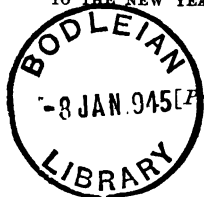
There are more things in heav'n and earth, Horatio,
Than are dream't of in your philosophy.—*Hamlet*.

M.DCCC.LXVIII.

Caro

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[Printed for private circulation only.]

The Fossil Bride.

A LEGEND OF FOLKESTONE.

Gay Folkestone, though now such a flourishing town,
Was, forty years since, of but little renown ;
The ostensible trade of the small population
Was in fish, and their soles had a great reputation ;
But, besides catching fish, it was more than suspected,
Other sources of lucre were far from neglected,
And that many who seem'd merely fishing-smack skippers,
Took a spell, now and then, in the fastest of clippers ;
But, whatever their traffic, it seem'd of a sort
That kept revenue cruisers from rotting in port.
And I heard of such bargains in things which elsewhere
Were all of them costly, and some of them rare ;

The choicest Havanas,
Brocades, and Bandanas,
Gloves of Gallic extraction—
The price a mere fraction—

And Schnaps, neat from Holland, as Pat says, *galore*.

Then, invitingly handy,
Was the best of French Brandy,
Maraschino, Noyau,
And superb Curaçoa,

And, in *such* pets of bottles, delicious Eau d'or,
Such as Sardanapalus,

Had he reign'd in our day, had uncork'd to regale us.

Now some antiquary may ask the narrator
How the town got its name—*unde hoc derivatur?*
But thereby hangs a tale, which I'll tell as 'twas told
To me, though some say I was cruelly *sold*.

There once was a giant
On his great strength reliant—
Perhaps one of the Titans who warr'd against Zeus—
Or, opinions are various,
It might be Briareus,
And he need be well *arm'd* who goes out on the loose
With such thievish intentions as those, 'twill be seen,
Which impell'd this huge knave to a trip transmarine.
From the coast *vis-à-vis*,
And not heeding the sea,
Which e'en in mid-channel scarce reach'd to his knee,
He landed near Folkestone, intent on the pillage
Of out-lying village.
His water-proof camlet
Hid homestead and hamlet;
The while, a huge sack,
Cramm'd full of miscellanies, hung at his back.

Now you must not imagine the people unheeding
This very remarkable mode of proceeding:
For to tradesman or peasant,
Thus to lose his belongings was not at all pleasant.
So, pursued by the natives,
This vilest of caitiffs,
While missiles fell thick,
In all shapes—stone and brick,
Was fain to decamp,

The larcenous scamp !
When a truculent cobbler,
In a foot-race no hobbler,
Hurl'd his lapstone at once
At the pillager's sconce ;
Which compell'd him to drop
Stall, stable, and shop ;
Nor for terms ever higgled he,
But higgledy piggledy,
Shot down in a flurry
His load, hurry scurry.

And just as it lay
It remains to this day,
As regards the *old* town,
Whose streets fairly bother one,—
From one house you look down
On the roof of another one.

Every street, lane, and court out of shape is ;

But touching the stone
By the stout cobbler thrown,

'Twas long honour'd as *Populi Lapis*.

Thus this stone of renown
Gave its name to the town,
And oft by this Roman
And classic cognomen,
In old charters and deeds,
Of Folkestone one reads,

Although I, of all scribes, on abstruse archæology,
Am the first to promulgate the true etymology.

Now tradition—as true to my thinking as history,
Which, though many defend,
Is full of fables from end to end—
Tradition, I say, has a “tale of mystery,”
Of a certain young lady,
In her beauty’s hey-day,—
Old legends a marvel of loveliness make her—
Who, A. M. 95,
Was buried alive
By an oversight of the undertaker;
And that, somewhere or other, near Folkestone town,
She reposed in the chalk cliffs, some ten fathoms down,
In all her charms so many and great,
Quite as good as new, in a fossil state.

Most who heard of the tale were inclined to quiz it,—
A young gentleman, though, who was there on a visit,
Remark’d—for it happen’d that, when up at college, he
Got deep in the science that’s now such a pet—
“I’ve heard of some wonderful things in geology,
And it don’t at all follow she’s not alive yet.”
Then a pickaxe and shovel he cramm’d in a satchel or
Bag, and *instantly* set out, for he said,
“Be she fossil or flesh, the damsel I’ll wed,
Or else I’m determined I’ll die an old bachelor”:
A method of wooing no doubt rather novel,
To make one’s advances with pickaxe and shovel.

He dug and he delved, through limestone and chalk,
Till at last he broke into a stratum of *talc*;
“Eureka!” he cried, “I’ve found my divinity,
For *talc*’s a sure symptom of woman’s vicinity.”

And there, sure enough, a few feet in advance,
The lady reclined in a species of trance.
The youth gazed enrapt, for he saw at a glance
That the charms in the books which her story related,
So far from o'er-praised, had been much under-rated.
Then said he, *sotto voce*—he fear'd to alarm her,—
“Have I found thee, my antediluvian charmer!”

But the words that fell
On her ear broke the spell,

And the damsel awoke with a scream and a start,
Gazed wildly about, and then said “Bless my heart!
I’ve over-slept sadly—I feel such a dizziness—”
Then perceiving the stranger—“Pray, Sir, what’s your
business?”

He politely explain’d he’d no business at all,
But having heard of her inhumation,
He had vow’d himself to her extrication,
And hoped, on that plea, she’d excuse the call.

The lady then begg’d that he’d make no apology,
Inasmuch none was needed,
And to thank him proceeded,
In a speech quite unique for its terse phraseology.
Then he takes her fair hand, which in his own lingers,
And she puts on no starch look,
But says, with an arch look,
“If you love me, Sir, say so, but don’t pinch my fingers;”
“Love you! do you doubt me?—be mine, my queen,
And we will be married by Westminster’s Dean”: *
And to show that he meant it, and having a nice sense
Of decorum, he pull’d from his pocket the license.

* Buckland.

How the lady said "Yes,"
I can't at all guess;
All I know is consent was express'd or implied,
For a blush, like Aurora's, suffused her fair cheek,
And she added, aside,
"One don't get such a chance every day in the week."

Then he offer'd his arm, and without more debating,
They jump'd into a Hansom the youth had in waiting,
And their vows being plighted,
They were duly united;
Returning from church, to make short my story,
In a carriage and pair of ichthyosauri;
While, to swell the procession, remarkably stout riders
Were on two megatheriums mounted as outriders;
The Dean brought up the rear, as becoming so vast a don,
In a neat brougham drawn by a high-trotting mastodon.

On Brown and Smith, their Kin and Kith.

There's Smith pretends—one scarcely can imagine it—
To trace his lineage back to old Plantagenet;
While Brown as pertinaciously—*proh pudor!*—
Maintains that he's descended from the Tudor.
How have these regal houses dwindled down!
One into Smith, the other into Brown.

The Song of the Blackberry.

When, her days fully number'd, in haste to take wing,
 Summer packs up her traps, and flits after the Spring;
 And Autumn, on forests where fallow-deer roam,
 With artist-like skill, lays her rich polychrome;
 And the yellow-brown harvest is clear'd from the ground,
 And trimly thatch'd corn-ricks the homestead surround:

O, then let us ramble
 Where the merry
 Blackberry
 Hangs thick on the bramble!

When the sportsman, long idle, his warfare renews,
 And the hares and the partridges shake in their shoes;
 And the huntsman with hopes of fresh laurels is flush,
 And bids roost-robbing Reynard take heed to his brush;
 When we rid man's examplars, the bees, in their hives,
 Like merciless rogues, of their wealth and their lives:

O, then let us ramble
 Where the merry
 Blackberry
 Hangs thick on the bramble!

When tremulous dewdrops the spider's web deck,
Like a circlet of gems on a fair lady's neck;
When the robin comes nearer the dwellings of men,
And gives provident thought to the winter time, when
He will seek, as his fears to necessity yield,
His *grub* from the window instead of the field:

O, then let us ramble

Where the merry

Blackberry

Hangs thick on the bramble!

And O, when the Autumn is past, and the air
Is thick with the snow-flake, the boughs are all bare;
And the wind whistles shrill, where swcet music it made
Through the eloquent leaves of the fay-haunted glade;
And, shiv'ring, we turn from the frost-fetter'd earth
To the blazing yule log on the love-circled hearth:

We'll think on our ramble

Where the merry

Blackberry

Hung thick on the bramble.

Autumnal.

An Autumn morn of neither mist nor rain,
But a strange hybrid of the blended twain:
O for dear Katie, on the chill dank air
To shake out sunshine from her golden hair!

Flowers.

Thanks for thy flowers !
 Dear simple things ;
 Which Affection ever
 To her loved one brings.

The hero's laurels,
 The poet's bays,
 Come of watchful nights
 And toilsome days.

We must dig for gold
 Through the dirt and dross,
 And find, to our grief,
 That the gain is loss.

But the precious flowers
 Are freely given ;
 And attract to earth
 The tints of heaven.

The primrose, type
 Of dawn's pale hue ;
 And the violet steep'd
 In noon's cloudless blue.

But flowers will wither,
And thine are dead
Their tints all faded,
Their fragrance fled.

Yet round them ever
A charm still lingers ;
For they were pluck'd
By thy faery fingers.

And they are laid
In a precious book,
Where I often gaze,
With a miser's look,

As on gems more rare
Than e'er lit the mine ;
And on none more fondly,
Sweet friend ! than thine.

Croquet.

To Croquet, all the rage,
Their skill young ladies bring ;
Not so much to put the ball
As their finger through the ring.

The Old, Old Story.

A Maiden so fair—I give up, in despair,
 All attempts to describe her attractions—
 Was besieged by a score of suitors, who swore
 She had splinter'd their hearts into fractions.

The first was a Poet, who profanely said “Blow it!”
 When in vain with six sonnets he'd plied her;
 Propounding his hopes in figures and tropes,
 Which exceedingly mystified her.

Her a Painter address'd, whose heart in his breast
 Was thumping, he said, like a mallet;
 But his suit, 'twas distressful, was quite unsuccessful,
 Though his tongue was well oil'd like his palette.

Next a Barrister pale, he hung about the Old Bailey,
 But Themis appear'd to disdain him;
 Prosecutor nor thief ever gave him a brief,
 And the lady declined to *retain* him.

Then a learned M.D., who oft wanted a fee—
 For talent is sadly neglected—
 His science applied, and the stethoscope tried,
 But found the dame's heart not affected.

Next a popular Preacher attempted to reach her,
 But the lady remain'd still obdurate;
 An Archdeacon or Dean had been welcome, I ween,
 But she could not put up with a Curate.

Then a bold son of Mars, rich in medals and scars,
Tried to lure the coy maid to the altar;
But in vain was his art, for he found that her heart
Was as likely to yield as Gibraltar.

Last came a great City man, not a handsome or witty man,
With the gout, though he chose to deny it;
He had dabbled in tallow, which p'rhaps made him so sallow,
And, 'twas said, half a million made by it.

She, though figures of speech were out of the reach
Of the maid's intellectual grapple,
At once catching the sense of pounds, shillings and pence,
Atalanta-like, pick'd up the apple.

Though to sell hearts for gold is a crime which I hold
In atrocity equal to simony,
She, not hesitating, nor for post's delays waiting,
Telegraph'd "You're the man, Sir, for *my* money."

Nulla Rosa Sine Spina.

Nulla rosa sine spina,
Not excepting Adelina;
Who, though witty, fair, and young,
Hath a sharp one in her tongue.

A Dream

OF A FRIEND WHO ABANDONED THE LYRE FOR THE EASEL.

Methought 'twas early morning, and with spirits fresh and free,

I breathed the gale of Tempe's vale, in pleasant Thessalie ;
And all around was musical—the bird upon the spray,
And the merry brooks, through shady nooks, went singing
on their way.

The fearless fawn, from sparkling lawn the dew dash'd, and
the hare

Came skipping forth to welcome me, and, from his leafy lair,
The fox peer'd out with courage stout, for they were safe
from foes

Who vex the morn with hound and horn, and frantic
tally-hos.

When towards me stray'd a pensive maid, her face was
passing fair,

Her hose's hue was deepest blue, dishevell'd fell her hair :
While to her breast a lyre she prest—it may have been
a lute—

Three of the strings were broken, and the other two were
mute.

She turn'd aside when me she spied; I flew to calm her fears,

When on her face I mark'd the trace, alas! of recent tears.
The sex I love all things above, and hate to see them cry;
So I stepp'd up to the damsel's side, and ask'd "the reason why?"

The maiden shy made no reply, but look'd down at her shoes,

And, seeing they were down at heel, I knew it was the Muse:

When further prest to ease her breast, and tell me all her woes,

With kerchief dry she wiped her eye, and blew her Grecian nose.

"I loved a youth with fondest truth; his childhood I beguiled

With faery lays of Arthur's days, and legends quaint and wild;

His riper thought my precepts taught, and then, on bolder wing

I bade him keep an eagle's sweep, and higher themes to sing.

Then gossip Fame got hold of his name, and bruited it far and wide,

And matron and maid marvell'd much, 'tis said, if that nice young man had a bride.

Yet the base ingrate has left to her fate the damsel who loved him well,

And has given his heart to my sister Art, that painted Jezebel."

Thus sung or said that dolorous maid, whom to pity I
could but choose,
When she seized her lyre strings, catgut and wire strings,
and twisted them into a noose.
When this I spied, I rush'd to her side—her purpose it
was to choke—
To circumvent her fell intent, and during the struggle I
woke.

Fair and Forty.

Alas! I had thought since last we met,
Long years had roll'd away:
But, judged by thine unalter'd face,
They dwindle to a day.

Thine eye as bright as midnight star,
With youthful glee still twinkles;
While many a coeval cheek
Is kalendar'd with wrinkles.

So fresh thy charms, the lapse of years
Such small despite hath done thee,
That we might think admiring Time
Had stopp'd to gaze upon thee.

The Paper Ship.

TO A FRIEND WITH A VOLUME OF TRAVELS.

Who's for a trip in my paper ship ?
 The Blue Peter* is chiding delay ;
 And my faery crew, in their jackets of blue,
 Are getting the craft under way.
 And now, where shall we sail ? To what point blows the gale ?
 It sets in for the rugged North Pole ;
 Where the sun only shows the tip of his nose,—
 So away for the ice-girted goal.

Dear lady, beware of that huge polar bear,
 And that seal, her queer offspring defending ;
 Pray, how would you feel with just such a scal,
 From your neck by your watch-chain depending ?
 And that walrus — here comes he—his gait's rather clumsy,
 And his feet are not fashion'd for dancing ;
 By some call'd a sea-horse, not so named, of course,
 From his being addicted to prancing.

But your limbs—don't they shiver ? I'm all in a quiver,
 So 'twere better our wind we were hauling ;
 The gale's taking a shift, and will give us a lift
 From those icebergs—they're truly appalling.

* The signal for getting under way.

Where next, lady, say? To Ceylon or Bombay?

Or, perhaps, you'd prefer the Mauritius?

I feel quite underdone, and a roast in the sun—

Don't you think so?—will be quite delicious.

But, bless me! how hot on a sudden it's got!

I really must doff my pea-jacket:

I'm quite proud to be skipper of such a fast clipper,

She beats the best Government packet.

A boa-constrictor—my stars, what a picture!

We've escaped him—a happy evasion!

To preserve him from famine, he's just bolted a Brahmin,—

That's a bull of the Brahmin persuasion.

For the sunny strand of the Holy Land,

Though fiercely there flameth the crescent,

Our vessel we'll guide, o'er the cloven tide,

And forget the by-gone in the present.

But contagion stalks through the public walks,

And the maid and the mother are weeping;

Not a home or a shed but contains its dead,

For the plague on the hot blast is sweeping.

The telescope—thank ye; 'tis the land of the Yankee,

Whom we find, when he's "riled," so cantankerous;

But alas, for our morals! in family quarrels,

The nearer akin the more rancorous.

We were probably wrong when we tax'd his Souchong,

But no matter now which was the sinner;

If you go there a guest, he'll give you his best,

And drink the Queen's health after dinner.

Lo ! Finisterre's Cape ! Spain, the land of the grape,
And orange, and lime, and pomegranate ;
Possess'd by the Devil, thy good's turn'd to evil,
So darkly malignant 's thy planet.
O nation ill-spel ! thy right hand is red
With the blood of the sage and the hero :
He's a blockhead who rules o'er a kingdom of fools,
And so wisely thought Espartero.

Hark Faction's fierce shout ! put the good ship about,
We'll home to our own happy island ;
Its green slopes and swells, and dear wooded dells, —
He is blest who can say " It is my land,"
Which, when foes, arm'd and eager, came her coasts to
beleaguer,
And against her each flag of the earth was unfurl'd,
Threw back the defiance, and in godly reliance,
Arose in her strength and gave peace to the world.

Papier at Magdala.

Through Afric's wilds he sought the fight,
And gallantly he won it :
For *Veni, Vidi, Vici* read,
I've been, and gone, and done it.

With a China Silk Handkerchief.

This kerchief—or the vendor told a story—

Is one of a dozen

But late imported from the territory

Of the moon's first cousin.

Though slight the gift, 'tis free from flaw or fracture ;

For thy sake, dear one !

I would 'twere of a costlier manufacture—

A real Cashmere one.

Like the rich shawls they weave the Nawaabs' land in,

Who rule their houses

With marvellous discretion, notwithstanding

They've fifty spouses,

From whom obedience they've a knack of winning,

Us English shaming ;

I'm told they learn it by degrees, beginning

With tiger-taming.

But thou art of a spirit meek and quiet,

More ornamental

Than gaud or gem—not prone to riot

Like the Oriental.

Now health to thee, and joy—wedded or single :

May Sorrow's Marah

Its bitter waters in thy cup ne'er mingle--

Addio, Cara !

In Praise of the World we Live in.

The world we live in 's a very good world,
 Though the fashion has been to abuse it ;
 The world we live in 's an excellent world,
 If only we knew how to use it.

It's a right merry world, for there's plenty to do ;
 A world 'tis to plough and to sow in ;
 And where, above all, there's abundance of room
 For love to take root and to grow in.

The love that embraceth all human kind,
 A catholic substantiality ;
 Whose motto is " deeds not words "—all the rest
 Is mere drawing-room sentimentality.

The love that threadeth blind alleys and lances,
 To seek Lazarus out in his hovel ;
 While Dives, ensconced in his snug easy chair,
 Is reading the last new novel.

Love that smiles with the joyous, yet weeping with those
 Who are bow'd by distress or disaster ;
 That seeketh the sheep that hath stray'd from the fold,
 And bringeth it home to the Master.

The love that feels, when a fellow man falls,
No virtuous indignation ;
But rather thanks God, in its humble heart,
That it had not the like temptation.

Yes! the world we live in 's a very good world,
For those who, eschewing its vanity,
Work with God, and for God, and thus carry out
True muscular Christianity.

Beauty.

Beauty! that Care upon thy brow should fling
The withering shadow of his dusky wing!
Care, that doth e'en outstrip impatient Time
To snatch thy roses in their summer prime.
What influences join to work thee ill!
First Love, the oft forsworn and trusted still:
Love that doth steal, in guises multiform,
Into the heart it may not take by storm.
Lynx-sighted Jealousy his torture tries,
Glaring upon thee with his yellow eyes;
And cold Neglect, of the contemptuous brow,
Shoots to thy heart his blighting chillness now;
And Grief, that smites the Horeb of thy tears;
And Doubt, the Bridge of Sighs between thy hopes
and fears.

A Life Sketch

IN AN UNFINISHED BUILDING.

'Twas twelve o'clock, and the ring of the trowel
No longer was heard on the brick ;
And the workmen had all deserted the wall,
Where they late were so busy and thick.

Cast from shoulders—a wide ell—the hod rested idle
On the wall where the mortar was drying ;
And the mattock and hammer had ceased from their
clamour,
And around were confusedly lying.

For carpenter, joiner, and builder, had each
Himself to his dinner betaken :
With an appetite keen, which needed, I ween,
No Burgess's sauce to his bacon.

Some sought the "Red Cow," some the "Barley Mow,"
And others the "Bricklayers' Arms ;"
As Barclay's, or Whitbread's, or Meux's "Entire,"
Had for each its particular charms.

I glanced around, and heard not a sound,
And I fancied myself all alone ;
Till I happen'd to look in a darkish nook,
And there, on a block of stone,

Were seated, in life, a man and his wife—
He scarcely grown out of the lad ;
While she was fair, with rather red hair,
And not very blithely clad.

And, this couple between, a delf basin was seen,
Into which they both were dipping ;
Cold potatoes a few, with a bone or two,
A crust of dry bread and some dripping.

They spoke little and low, but their eyes, I trow,
Told love's unmistakeable story ;
O a dinner of herbs, which no strife disturbs,
Beats an alderman's feast in its glory !

'Twas a scene for Sterne, who 'd for pathos a turn,
In a "Sentimental Journey ;"
But, alas for such ! I've about as much
Sentiment as an attorney.

So I said—for deeds I greatly prefer
To words to express what I feel with,—
"Here's two-pence, old fellow, go fetch thee a pint
Of porter to moisten thy meal with."

Tempus Fugit.

Time flies, and little wonder, when we find
To kill it is the aim of half mankind.

Bards and Bells.

AN APOLOGY FOR A BIRTHDAY ODE.

'Tis not a pleasant thing to have a rhymers
 For one's next neighbour ;
 For, like the "little busy bee," the chimer
 Ne'er slacks his labour.

One can't be born, or come of age, or marry,
 In fact do aught,—
 He's down on you, like eagles on their quarry,
 Quick as thought.

I'd rather live beneath ten bells' brass clamour,
 Pull'd by old stagers
 Performing, every clapper a sledge hammer,
 Triple bob-majors.

It needeth not so many tongues, I trow,
 To call the people
 To church—one *belle's* enough for every *beau*,
 Except Bow steeple.

Let some sly dame but catch in Hymen's string
 A civic Midas, —
 The noisy knaves forsooth must have a *ring*
 Because the bride has.

But for these bards, no word in our vocabulary
 Is had enough for them ;
 Were I but King, I'd try if the constabulary
 Were *quantum suff.* for them.

Don't think I wish to ape the rogues I'm rating:—

Your worship knows

My rhyme's a species of electro-plating

On leaden prose.

Lead's the most Quaker-like and quiet metal

That Science tells of;

It being such as you can't make a kettle,

Or gongs, or bells of.

Would I could bring, from wit's exhaustless treasury,

To aid th' hilarity

Which welcomes this most welcome anniversary,

Some attic rarity.

But here's your health—reach me th' Amontillado—

The toast I'll dress

In Hadji Baba's language, “ May your shadow

Never be less ! ”

A Birthday Greeting.

Another year of spinsterhood !

Well, 'tis the lot you've chosen ;

For one so fair, were beaux more rare,

Might pick from half-a-dozen.

And none need pity, few will blame,—

They 'scape a world of trouble

Who play life's safe and single game,

Nor care the stake to double.

A BIRTHDAY GREETING.

If life be bondage, celibates
Of fetters wear the lightest ;
While *certainly*, of all earthly ties,
The *knot's* by far the tightest.

And yet in Duty's strait, plain path,
Where all are bade to mingle,
Are virtues, ay, and graces too,
For those who tread it single.

And O, of that strait narrow way,
The blessed goal is Heaven ;
Where He hath said, "they marry not,
Nor are in marriage given."

Then be thou as those virgins wise,
Thy heart from God ne'er roaming ;
Ready, when rings the midnight cry,—
"Behold the Bridegroom coming !"

The Little Valentine.

O thank you, Marianna !
For your note and picture fine :
How kind in such a little boy
To choose your Valentine !

I would send you back a letter
With my *own* hand, but indeed
I cannot write, though grandmama
Is teaching me to read.

But the soft, sweet Spring is coming—
I shall meet it in the lane ;
And the flowers—I saw them wither—
Will come to life again.

And dear mama will take me
To the sunny meadows where
There grows the pretty daisy,
And the golden cup is there.

And I'll seek the yellow daffodil,
On the green bank where it lies ;
And the blue sweet-smelling violet,
Like sister Mabel's eyes.

And of all the fairest blossoms
A gay garland I will twine ;
And give to Marianna
For her pretty Valentine.

Good night, dear Marianna !
I'm tired and sleepy too ;
And when I'm in my little bed
I'll try to dream of you.

To the Old Year.

Good bye, old chap!
If you must go
To your long last nap
In the shades below.

I don't complain :
I've had my share
Of joy and pain,
Comfort and care.

At your meed of bliss
Or woe 'twere vain
To carp—one's miss
Is another's gain.

Spite of fame or blame,
Or hopes or fears,
'Twill be all the same
In a hundred years.

To the New Year.

The Old Year is sped,
And here comes the New,
To reign in his stead,—
Young spark ! how d'ye do ?

But why that closed book ?
What a churl you are !
Come, let us look
At your bill of fare !

The mighty to BE
Of thy tome reveal ;
But lo ! on it I see
Is set Mercy's seal.

Why troubles and fears
From the future borrow ?
He's a spendthrift in tears
Who would discount his sorrow.

LONDON :
Printed by **JOSEPH CAUSTON & Sons**, 47, Eastcheap, E.C.,
and Southwark Street, S.E.



